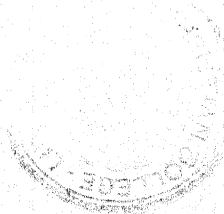


The Flying Yorkshireman



The Flying Yorkshireman

NOVELLAS

ERIC KNIGHT · HELEN HULL · ALBERT MALTZ
RACHEL MADDUX · I. J. KAPSTEIN



With a Note by WHIT BURNETT *and* MARTHA FOLEY

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

New York and London

1938

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN

Copyright, 1936, 1937, 1938, by Story Magazine, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America

All rights in this book are reserved.

*No part of the book may be reproduced in any
manner whatsoever without written permission.*

For information address

Harper & Brothers

FIRST EDITION

C-N

A STORY PRESS BOOK

*Story Press Books
are published by
HARPER & BROTHERS
in association with
STORY MAGAZINE, INC.*

To

Thérèse Heilner Simon

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN, *Eric Knight* 1

SNOW IN SUMMER, *Helen Hull* 53

SEASON OF CELEBRATION, *Albert Maltz* 121

TURNIP'S BLOOD, *Rachel Maddux* 175

THE SONG THE SUMMER EVENING SINGS, *I. J. Kapstein* 221

A NOTE ON NOVELLAS, *Whit Burnett and Martha Foley* 269

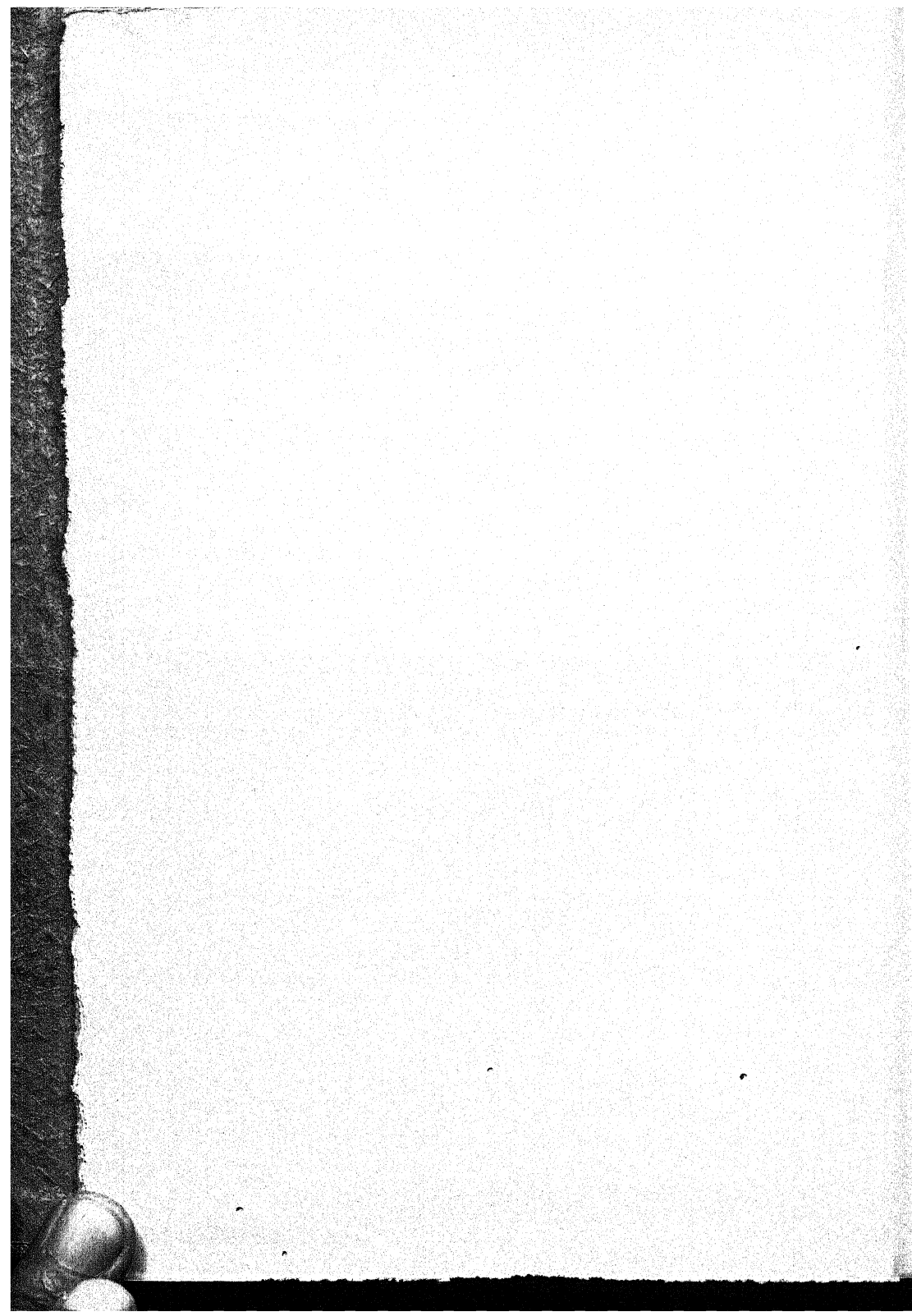
THE AUTHORS: PHOTOGRAPHS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 273



The Flying Yorkshireman

BY

Eric Knight



The Flying Yorkshireman

THE CONVICTION that he could fly didn't come over Sam Small gradually. It just hit him all of a sudden.

That night he and Mully had been down to Los Angeles to hear Sister Minnie Tekel Upharsin Smith at the Temple. First off Sam hadn't wanted to go, but before it was over even he agreed that it was quite a bit of a do, and Mully had as rare a time as she'd had in all her born days.

Sister Minnie sang a hymn she had written herself, which started:

Won't you buy my violetsss—m'dam?

When that was over she had all the people who were from California stand up and turn round and shake hands with the people who were sitting and who weren't from California, and say: "God Bless you, Brother or Sister," as the case was.

Sam felt right funny what with a stranger pumping his hand, but Mully began to warm up to the whole thing; so that when Sister Minnie asked the people from foreign lands to get up and say where they were from, Mully kept nudging Sam to stand on his legs like a man and put their ha'porth in. But Sam wasn't having any. People got up and shouted that they were from Germany and Italy and China and Hawaii and Mexico and Canada. There was even one chap from India.

Finally Mully couldn't stand it any longer, so she tied her bonnet tight under her chin and got up and shouted at the top of her lungs:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sammywell Small, Powki'thorpe Brig, near Huddersfield, Yorksha', England."

Then she sat down with her face all flushed, while everybody ap-

"Why, Ah were just dewing a little bit of athaletics yesterday as you might say. It ain't a varry good likeness, dosta think?"

Mully grabbed the paper from him.

"Eigh, Sam Small. They'll be cooming fro' Menston for thee ony day now. Ah doan't know what's happened to thy yead. A man o' thy age, callorpering and hopping around at athaletics. What in the name o' God coom ovver thee o' late?"

"Ah ain't gate a word to say," Sam muttered, stubbornly.

Mully looked at the paper, and then she looked at Sam, squatting there in the closet with her best boots in his hand.

"Sam Small," she said. "Come and sit ovver here o' t' sofa."

Sam did as he was bid.

"Now lad," she said. "There's summat behind all this. Spit it out. Now what is it?"

Sam looked at Mully, and he swallowed once or twice, and then he decided it was no use lying to Mully.

"Well, Mully," he said. "It's summat like this. Ah found out Ah could fly."

"Tha found what?" Mully asked.

"Fly," he said. "Sitha! Ah'll show thee."

So he took off and did a couple of turns round the room and then glided down on tiptoe beside Mully again.

"Now, tha sees. Ah can fly," he said, triumphantly.

"So tha can," Mully agreed. "And varry nicely tha does it too. What caps me is that tha didn't tell me about this when tha married me."

"Nay, it nobbut come ovver me lately."

"Well, a varry handy accomplishment it is, too, if tha axes me," Mully said. "Tha'll be able to wash windows that Ah cannot reach and mony things like that. Here, Sam, just hop up and wipe off that cobweb on t' ceiling there. It's been worrying me for two days now."

"Sitha," Sam said, as he went up after the cobweb. "Ah can fly like a sea gull or like a pigeon, but Ah can't yet fly like a lark."

"Well, don't be discouraged, lad. Happen that'll come wi' practice. Ah think tha does reight well for a beginner. How long's ta been at it, did ta say?"

So Sam told her the whole story, about Faith and Mountains, and the truth about the suicide arrest and how he'd met Dickie Hoggletwaite.

"Well, he were a nice sort o' chap, and a Huddersfield lad on top of

abhors that which surpasses its factual knowledge. So your newspapermen will write all about mass hypnotism and wires and Barnum and auto-suggestion. They'll use lots of phrases they don't understand about matters they can't comprehend. They'll find any excuse but the simple truth—that you are capable of levitation—in other words, that you can fly."

"Ah can that," Sam said.

"Of course you can," the old man said gently.

"Thank you kindly," Sam said. "Here have a pipe o' my baccy. It's varry good. And what did tha say thy name was?"

"Oh, it's just a string of vowels and consonants," the old man said, stuffing his pipe with Sam's tobacco. "You wouldn't be interested. I'm just a student, that's all, at the Research Center. I'm trying to find out how to defeat the rebellion of man's body and brain against modern life, modern cities, modern foods and modern thoughts. Why is cancer growing, mental ills? Why do cells multiply malignantly?"

He lit his pipe slowly and looked at Sam fondly.

"Now you! I am still sitting in wonder that I should have the luck to be alive in an age when you should manifest yourself again."

"Again?"

"Yes. Are you becoming rarer? Will this age develop more of you? We've had you before, you know—Daedalus, Icarus. They could fly, too."

"Then Ah'm not the first?" Sam asked.

The old man shook his head.

"Lots of you," he said. "You have been excommunicated and tortured, drowned and burned at the stake as wizards and vampires and incubi and succubi. All because the world is weak and ignorant and—human. And I, too, am human. I wish to circle your life, observe you, make a laboratory specimen of you. But I won't. I'd just like to ask one question."

"Nay lad, Ah've been axed soa mony another wean't hurt."

"Tell me, do you find it harder flying at some times than at others?"

"Nay lad," Sam said. "Well, Ah like best flying alone and outdoors. . . ."

"At night?"

"Aye, at neight. That's reight. And it does get a bit-hard for me when people's around. Like this afternoon—it were like the air were varry sticky and soft and a bit harder to get through."

Snow in Summer

BY

Helen Hull

Snow in Summer

HAZEL ran down the stairs to the basement, caught her heel on a step, flung out her hand against the white-washed cement wall, and just didn't fall. She stared at her outstretched smarting hand, and shook it gingerly. Nothing sprained, thank Heaven! Her tongue lapped at the reddening scratches and she crossed more cautiously to snap off the racket of the washing machine. At the final subsiding rumble she gave a sigh of relief. There was always the chance that the whirling rhythm confined in that sleek, white-shining drum might someday get the better of her, explode, fill the whole basement with its froth and din. She wouldn't have told George about the animosity between her and that machine, but she knew that someday she would fail to make something fast, and it would electrocute her or drown her in suds, or flail her to bits. George had given it to her for a Christmas present, two years ago. She could see him now, explaining how it worked, a clear flush like a boy's standing out on his cheekbones. She had demurred a little. Think how much it costs! Why, that would pay the laundry for weeks and weeks!

"But this will last for years, Hazel! Years! I can keep it in order. Don't you like it?"

He would have laughed at her if she had explained how it terrified her. She took a deep breath of the quiet in the basement, and watched the motes dance in the morning sun-shaft through the low window. Her tongue took a last dart along her abraded palm, and she flexed her slim fingers. It would have been too awful if she had wrenched something! Her mind picked up the game with time it played so constantly these days. She'd be back in half an hour. Another hour to rinse and hang out the clothes, ten minutes to brush up the living room, she had

"You've got everything planned without even asking me——"

"Ask you? What was there to ask you? When you've shown in every move you've made what you really want! When all our life meant was that you were so bored you had to say so publicly! From the minute that telegram came about the prize you were different. You haven't known I existed. You haven't thought or cared about anything except what was happening to you, what was being said about you." George spoke with a quiet, unmodulated fluency which meant that all these words, worn round and smooth from constant turning in his mind, rolled out with no effort. He could not know they were amazing, because to him they were rote-familiar. "I've always known you didn't really care about my work, you never listened when I tried to explain it, it was only the way I made a living for us, and now that you can make so much more money you don't have to pretend. I waited till you'd been to New York. I don't know quite what I hoped for. But now I see it's no use. All these grand things—I won't stand in your way. You wouldn't say this to me, because you'd think, mistakenly, 'Poor George! I mustn't hurt him.' But I believe in extracting dead teeth. I can't stand things as they are. It's upsetting my work." His blue eyes had a sudden wintry gleam. "Do you know what I did yesterday? I mixed up two sets of X-rays, and I pulled out the wrong tooth. That is, it was the right tooth in the wrong mouth. The plate showed a shadow, but it wasn't Mrs. MacAndrew's shadow." He broke off with an impatient gesture, his hand implying, but you don't care about that!

Hazel sat back in her chair, her hands limp, her heart beating so heavily she felt it in her wrists. Dear Lord, it was like reading another terrible interview, or review of her book, this trying to see what George saw of her! The self she thought she was had shrunk into a dried pea, rattling in shells provided by other people! She didn't care about dentistry. George had told her that before. But who else could, the way George did? Was it true, that she was selfish, indifferent, absorbed? That grand picture she'd built up, of herself in New York! She'd come rushing home, and now George was pitching her out, making her over into a hard, demanding creature— Perhaps —

"George Curtis," she said, fiercely, "are you getting rid of me for another woman? Are you—that woman you took to lunch? That saleswoman? Are you in love with her?"

"No," said George. "Not yet. We have things in common."

"Oh!" cried Hazel. She flung out her arms, her eyes brilliant under the heavy lashes. "George, you idiot! I won't be extracted. I'm not a dead tooth! You—" was it laughter that sprang from the tight coil of feeling?—"you've mixed your X-ray pictures all up. Oh, don't you know I've thought about you every second? I've been so wretched because you didn't like it—I've been terrified! I had to make you think I had a grand time, didn't I? I didn't even feel real until I got home—and then you wouldn't come— Oh, I won't let you be so stupid that you don't know what I want first!"

"You mean you'd give up your Hollywoods and everything?"

"I didn't mean that. We could leave that till it came up. But I mean if we tried, I'd get used to being somebody, not a big somebody, and you'd get used to it, and it wouldn't make any more difference than—than your filling a tooth!"

"You don't think I mind that all this happened to you?"

Hazel looked up at his strained face, the light gleaming on his forehead, on his neatly brushed fair hair.

"I had a feeling you were a different woman, not the girl I married. But I——"

Hazel slid to her feet, clasped her hands behind his head, and kissed him. "There!" she murmured, against his lips. "Same girl."

Later they sat together on the divan, hands linked, Hazel's head on his shoulder. She thought: he did mind, terribly, just what we neither of us ever will know. But I've got him back. Dear Lord, help me look interested in dentistry or machinery or anything else he wants to talk about! I do love him so much.

George said, clearing his throat, "I bought a copy of your book. Twenty-five. They had quite a pile of them in Hudson's."

Hazel held her breath. She wanted to sit away from him, to watch his face, but she kept her head down against the solid shoulder.

"It's a good story. I don't see how you thought it all up. It wasn't exactly like your father's folks, although I recognized some of it. I was glad you ended it that way."

Hazel relaxed again. "I tell you," she said, dreamily, "when I write the next one, you can read it as I go along. You could make suggestions."

Season of Celebration

BY

Albert Maltz

Season of Celebration

At Nine in the Evening

AT NINE in the evening Baldy White, night man of the Hotel Raleigh, opened the door to Room B and poked his head in. He stood there chuckling. "Hey, Benson," he said, "here's some one wants to know if the beds is clean."

Except for a sick youngster, who was asleep in a cot further down the aisle, the man called Benson was the only one in the big room. He was lounging on the back end of his cot with his scraggly shanks hanging down loosely over the iron rim. Benson was a lank, ugly man of fifty, a farm hand and migratory worker. Thirty-five years of high-balling over the forty-eight states, from one job to another, from railroad jungle to Jesus flop house, had lined and grooved his weary face into a steady, bitter scowl. Now he sat grimly, hunched over, with an old newspaper spread on his knees to hold his game of solitaire. He ignored the night man.

"Tell him, Bill, tell him," Baldy repeated laughing.

Benson sighed. He screwed up his face into a grimace that was weary, sour and impatient at the same time, jerked his thumb, and sluiced a stream of saliva on the floor. Then he looked down at the cards again.

The night man laughed and smoothed the top of his bald dome with a thick, white hand. His mouth opened wide and the gold capped teeth gleamed yellow in the sharp light. He liked Benson. Benson was an old customer—a glum mutt with a cranky disposition, but no teeth left. Nice feller, Benson.

"Take a look," Baldy said. He closed one eye and inclined his head slightly toward the door.

“Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,
He’s the missing link —”

Baldy White came racing through the door. He was breathing hard from the run up two flights of stairs but he looked ready for trouble. His ugly, little billy hung by a leather thong from his wrist.

Benson stopped singing. Baldy approached him crabwise. He scrutinized him carefully with the growing but unwelcome realization that poor Bill was slipping at last. "By God, Bill," he said in a low, concerned voice, "you ain't lost hold like this in the last five years. What in hell you *got* in that bottle?"

Benson sprang to his feet. "I gotta do somethin'," he cried wildly. "There's a coupla Jennie Linds you put in here—can't keep quiet." He pointed with majestic contempt. "Those blue-nosed punks 're singin' hymns."

"Oh! . . ." Baldy stifled his desire to laugh. He knew this crotchet of Bill's. He swung around at the other two. "Now listen," he said severely, "no noise! Get it? No noise!"

"Noise?" Knox replied, "*noise?*" He tugged excitedly at his beard. His round, little face was swollen with insult. He tried fruitlessly to speak. Then he tugged at his frayed, wing collar. And for the old man to tug at his wing collar was a sign of complete and final rage: because first Mr. Knox had been a street car conductor in Brooklyn; and then the street car system had become a bus system and he had been laid off; and then (after refusing many offers) he had become a book salesman; and finally he had adopted a wing collar as a sign of respectability and the more his fortunes declined the more he relied on the morale which a wing collar gave him. The one thing he could never do was tug at it—it was too old to withstand tugging.

"Noise?" Knox repeated for the third time when his rage permitted him to talk. "*He's the one who made all the noise. We was bein' quiet, peaceful, and gentlemanly.*"

"Monkey nuts!" Benson shot a stream of saliva at the old man's feet. "You been eatin' so much beans you can't keep the wind from comin' out."

"You're a dingle dangle," Knox shouted with his voice rising shrilly, "you're a low-down dingle dangle."

O'Shaughnessy lay quiet. One knee was slightly raised under the faded, army blanket. There was no curve or roundness to his neck any more and the cords of his throat strained tight against the lined, waxy skin. His face was still wrapped in its ghastly pallor and the sunken cheeks and the sharp lines that bit into the taut flesh made him look pained even in sleep.

Now, in an instant of sudden clarity, the truth slashed through Blessy's mind like a blow from behind. O'Shaughnessy looked terrible—like a corpse. He might be really sick now. He might be bad off.

The youth groaned. What should he do? A doctor. He didn't have any cash on him. But maybe Dooky— Or take him to a hospital.

A hospital? Jesus Christ, he wasn't as sick as all that. You don't take guys to a hospital for just a bellyache.

The youth rumbled his hair with blunt, nervous fingers. He sat down on his cot and put his head in his hands. He had to get straight on it. Jimmie looked bad now but God—there were reasons. Even the drugstore man said he'd be knocked out for a while. No grub—all that castor oil—it'd make anybody weak.

The thing was to wait. When Jimmie waked up, then you could see. If he wasn't no better, sure, get him a doctor. There'd be two bucks comin' from somewhere even if he had to roll somebody.

Blessy stowed his lumber jacket in the locker. He felt better now. The thing was to wait and see.

A hand plucked diffidently at the youth's arm. He turned around. Old man Knox was standing behind him with a bottle of pills balanced in the palm of his hand.

"Young man," Knox said hastily, "I have a vast medical knowledge. I have something here—" he displayed it— "get rid of that ptomaine by morning."

Blessy grinned and shook his head.

"Nature's remedy," Knox advised. "Don't cost much."

"No!" Blessy reached for the chunk of kitchen soap in his locker.

"Why don't you give it a try?" the old man persisted plaintively. It'd be awful if he couldn't sell *anything* in a place like this. He could get a turkey dinner with stuffing for twenty-five cents tomorrow if he could make one more sale. "If it don't work, you don't have to pay me," he offered.

"No, listen, pop," Blessy explained patiently, "he's had about a quart of castor oil since Monday night. He don't need any more of that."

"But this is Wednesday," the old man argued.

Blessy burst out laughing. "What do you think he is, a gah-gah-goddam elephant?"

O'Shaughnessy groaned aloud and awakened. He threw back the covers on his bed and raised up on his elbow. Then he sank back on the pillow again. He looked around with glazed eyes.

Blessy ran over to him. "Hello, kid," he whispered. His tone was full of warmth and affection and the love he bore this comrade of his was written unashamedly on his hard, coarse-grained face.

For a moment O'Shaughnessy didn't reply. He was awake but his mind was still clouded by the sick nightmare he had been having. Then he recognized Blessy. He smiled. It was a tired, drowsy smile. The skin wrinkled back from his mouth and his teeth juttled out like the teeth of a cadaver making his young face look piteous and ugly.

"How do you feel?"

O'Shaughnessy drew a deep, tired breath. "I feel better, I think." His eyes dropped shut again. He muttered to himself.

"What did you say?"

"Water," O'Shaughnessy mumbled.

"Do you want some water?"

The sick boy opened his eyes. "No, I don't want any water."

Blessy was puzzled. "You *said* 'water,'" he told him.

"Before. I wanted water before," the boy replied. His voice took on a weak, complaining tone: "I wanted water this afternoon but there was no one to give it to me."

"Gee, I was out shoveling, kid," Blessy apologized. "But I brought you a sandwich to eat. Do you feel like eating it?"

"I'm still kinda sick to my stomach," O'Shaughnessy answered. "Can't you eat it? We don't wanna —"

"Stop worrying about money," Blessy ordered. "It's snowin' again. We're gonna have a coupla more days' work."

"I guess I shouldna shoveled this morning." O'Shaughnessy reflected drowsily. "But I felt better. I thought I was all cleaned out."

"Sure you are," Blessy said heartily. "But you're pooped that's all. That's why you need sleep."

"Sleep is nature's remedy," Knox interposed from the foot of the bed. "Sleep and vitamins." He looked over at Blessy to see if the comment had registered. He was still trying hard for his turkey dinner.

O'Shaughnessy moved one hand laboriously under the blanket. He

He stumbled blindly, drunkenly from the room.

There was a moment of silence.

Then Luke spoke up fervently. "That man's lost," he said. "You look to Jesus, Jesus helps you. Ah don't know what Ah'd do without Jesus. When a man's hungry or lyin' out in the rain, he's got t' do *somethin'.*" Luke's voice trembled. "Ah'd hold up somebody, or rob a bank, if Jesus wasn't there to stop me. It's Jesus keeps me safe."

"It's Jesus keeps you weak," Reynolds burst out fiercely, "keeps you down, keeps you from fightin' back—talkin' pie in the sky while you got wind in your belly. My God, when —"

Blessy swung around angrily. "Shut up, you guys. Can't you keep quiet a minute?" He turned back to O'Shaughnessy and resumed his fixed stare at the still form.

"There's too much keepin' quiet," Reynolds muttered in a low voice. "That's the trouble." His Adam's apple twitched in his throat.

There was silence. They waited.

Eleven Twenty P.M.

BALDY WHITE came in calling "This way, here!" A bulky, middle-aged cop followed him in. He had his nightstick clamped snug and ready under his arm. "Somebody get knifed?" he asked.

"No," Blessy cried. He ran past the cop to a young interne standing in the doorway. "Over here, doctor. There's a sick kid here. He's very s-s-s-sick."

The interne followed him in, walking quickly. He was a young man, small, with warm, dark, Jewish features.

Blessy ran to the cot. "Look out now," he said, "leh-leh-let him through. He's a doctor."

"C'mon," the cop bawled, crowding the men, "out of the way."

The interne bent over swiftly and felt for O'Shaughnessy's pulse. He paused; his eyes were intent on the boy's face. Then he dropped the hand and reached into his bag. He cast a quick, sharp, inquiring glance at Blessy.

"He's not d-d-dead, is he?" Blessy whispered.

The interne was silent. He pulled down the covers and put the stethoscope to the boy's chest.

"I'll bet he is dead," Knox remarked loudly.

Turnip's Blood

BY

Rachel Maddux

Turnip's Blood

*Turnips do have blood, you know,
Thin and mauve and lighter than air.
And almost always so confined
One never sees it there.*

*Only when it spurts
As when a knife cuts through,
Or when the quantity becomes so great,
The turnip hurts*

*And lets it free, does one learn
That it was all the time
Made of multi-colored bubbles
That arise, expand and shine.*

ALL HIS IRRITATION at having been called out of bed at three o'clock in the morning was gone now. It had been a nice piece of work, he thought, as he walked out of the hospital toward his car. He decided to drive the long way home and see the dawn because he wasn't sleepy and the weather was excellent, and he hadn't seen a dawn for years.

The long way around led through Miner's Village, a town of one street lined with two rows of identical stone houses. Lawrence had always liked Miner's Village and this morning he tried to think why. He felt quite sure that no one, not even the people who did live there, wanted to live there. Yet why was it so pleasing to him? The monotony of it must be the reason, he decided. Yes, surely the monotony . . . that was it. A lovely word in itself. He realized that he had gone

David put on his coat and washed his hands and left in disgust. He stamped down the fire escape, muttering to himself: "I'll be god damned if I'll be an animal trainer. I'll tell her. I'll tell her that dog of hers is too stupid to learn anything. I'm surprised he can even eat off the floor. It's a wonder she doesn't have to feed him with a spoon! Maybe she should get some seals, too. She could keep them in the bathtub and I could throw them fish. Fish!" He stopped one floor from the ground and ignored his dizziness in the excitement of his discovery.

"Of course," he thought. "You have to feed them to teach them tricks. Any fool would have known that."

He was back the next morning with a sirloin steak cut into neat cubes. Rameses, of course, didn't know the difference between sirloin and boiling beef, but David didn't know that Rameses didn't know it.

By the time that the sirloin was consumed, Rameses had progressed so far as to be able to clamber up one leg at a time from the floor to the chair. He did it with no grace whatever after the manner of a fat, rheumatic and aged Negress boarding a bus. But grace was of small concern to Lawrence; he could find that elsewhere. He was seeking accomplishment, pure and simple.

Lawrence learned, as he was urging Rameses to progress from the four-legged to the two-legged method of sitting upon chairs, that dogs as well as people have that benign and complacent acceptance of over-indulgence which makes them take after-dinner naps without pangs of conscience. For all he had once scorned the chair, Rameses now went to sleep on it, although it was incapable of supporting both his body *and* his head. He seemed to smile as he slopped over the edges of the chair as though to say: "It's silly of me, I know, but I just can't help it."

After that, Lawrence got half the amount of steak and cut it into twice the amount of cubes.

Rameses had learned to climb from the floor to the chair at command in two days. In a week he ventured so far as to sit upon three legs, lifting the fourth in the air, but sit upon two legs he would not. They were set back by the fact that Lawrence, by calling Rameses all kinds of flattering names in a gentle voice and holding the meat cube tantalizingly close, had persuaded Rameses to take both front legs off the chair for a second, whereupon Rameses fell onto the floor upsetting the chair. It was two days before he would even approach the chair again.

"Dear Eve," David said, "you shall have to go back to your family."

"Oh, no," Eve said, "they'd make me work cross-word puzzles, trying to keep me busy, and they'd be everlastingly sorry."

"But you can't live alone," David said.

"Then I shall come and live with you," said Eve.

"Unfortunately, you're hardly of an adopting age."

"Then you shall have to marry me," she said.

It was two months of gradual transition before David, too, came to this conclusion and in the end the two conclusions were identical and David's voicing of it did not sound as much weightier than hers as it should have in view of the fact that it took his sixty times as long as hers to be born.

In the manner in which they decided to marry they were like two people shopping for hats. David must go to all the stores and see all the hats in order that, after he had bought the first (which he had really liked), he need never in the future have occasion to doubt the wisdom of his purchase. Eve was as one who buys a hat to cover a head. This, of course, is only an analogy, for were they really shopping for hats, the doctor would have gone to the store where he had always bought his hats and where the clerks knew so well what he wanted that they would give him the right one the first time. And what Eve would actually do in a hat shop is unpredictable.

The doctor "looked for his hats," so to speak, from all angles. From thinking the situation impossible, he came to thinking that Eve was not old enough to choose a husband. She should marry a young man. Then he remembered that Eve, paralyzed, would hardly be in a position to choose.

He did not, of course, think of the matter constantly. Sometimes for days at a time the whole idea seemed so unreal and his work so real, that he scarcely gave it a thought. Then he would find himself saying things like: "I could fix over the library for her. There is a fireplace in there and it's downstairs. I could take my stuff upstairs."

He half heard some music on the radio one evening that brought Vienna back to him. There it was, crystallized before his eyes, full blown and in its glory. Eve had never seen Vienna. What fun it would be to tell Eve about Vienna—Vienna of twenty-five years ago, before anyone guessed that She was dying. He thought of Eve's sitting across the table from him (the table was so large; perhaps it would be nicer to sit around one corner) and of his telling her about Vienna and of

"I sent them to your house yesterday," she said.

He rather expected her to follow this remark with another or with a smile which would accentuate her cleverness at having known that he would, after all, marry her, but she looked ahead at the long flat highway, apparently having forgotten her remark.

Once she turned her head to look directly at him and her smile was such a one as to make him feel warm and glad and she said: "How good it is to see people in real clothes again!"

V

DAVID FELT that he had been right about the library, for the room pleased Eve. She had been there a week, in fact, before she showed even any curiosity to see the rest of the house. David was not sure that Eve could see the rest of the house comfortably, for she had firmly refused to have a wheel chair brought into the house, saying that they, like pianos, never seemed to belong in a room. David himself carried her in to dinner each evening and, since he saw her only in the evenings and she never complained of any inconveniences during the day, he thought that in this first week she probably was still weary enough to rest most of the time and that Mrs. Darling was so far succeeding in making her comfortable.

So when Eve said she wanted to be shown the rest of the house by him and he suggested that perhaps it would be better to wait until they had time to figure out the best way (meaning until Eve had reconciled herself to some kind of conveyance) he was surprised to hear her say, "Oh, Anthony will carry me."

Anthony was a huge white-haired Negro who had come to work for David so long ago that the circumstances had been forgotten. At any rate, he had come before Mrs. Darling, who had once been the cook and was now housekeeper. For what specific duties David had hired him originally neither of them could remember. He had been retained because of his philosophy, which was neither very clear nor very constant, but always colorful.

Anthony, whom David had always thought old and lazy, Anthony knew just how to do it. Eve, like a dancer in midair, dwarfed to feather size by contrast with Anthony's bulk, looked at David over Anthony's shoulder as he followed them up the stairs.

"You see," her eyes, looking mischievously at him, said, "a wheel

"I was so afraid you might be woolly," she said. "It's so nice to know you're all smooth." She smiled and fell asleep.

He stood for several minutes estimating the possible chances of meeting Mrs. Darling if he should walk upstairs without dressing. He hated to dress, only to undress again as soon as he had reached his own room. He decided to chance it and, holding his clothes over one arm, he leapt silently up the stairs and into his own room.

"I'll bet," he mused, "that Eve would have liked to have had that in the marriage lines: 'I, Eve, take thee, David, if thou art smooth and not woolly.'"

David never failed to be surprised and amused at Eve's conversations when they talked together in the evenings. He always gave her a brief outline of what he had done during the day and usually he asked her how she had spent her day. Almost always she had some long tale of purely imaginary and highly amusing activity to relate to him, and, strangely enough, there was no tone of irony or bitterness in the telling.

Eve usually had flowers in the house and one evening David noticed a huge bowl filled with chicory flowers. They were held together by a piece of florist's paper lace.

They both had been looking at the chicory when David asked. "Well, what did you do all day?"

"I've turned alchemist," she said.

"So?"

"Uh-huh."

"Are you a member of the union?"

"In excellent standing."

"Are you making gold?"

"No, my activities are purely experimental. Today, for instance, I threw Stravinsky and Huysman and Caldwell into a cauldron. Then I stirred and stirred, all the time humming the Star Spangled Banner to make it boil faster. And what do you think I got?"

"A burn?" David hazarded.

"No, a pink elephant. A small pink elephant. Next, I put in W. H. Hudson and the elephant's ears were edged with lace. When I added Van Vechten and a little *agua regia* the éléphant's front legs disappeared and after Cummings had finally dissolved the hind legs, the poor thing rocked back and forth on its belly most pitifully."

The Song the Summer Evening Sings

BY

I. J. Kapstein

The Song the Summer Evening Sings

The evening, don't you remember the summer evening when the sky faded to yellow and the wind gently whirled the dust and leaves in the gutters and a piano tinkled sadly far away and the bells of St. Joseph's rang out vespers, the kids playing in the streets and the men sitting in their shirt-sleeves on the front stoops with the smoke of their pipes drifting on the still air, don't you remember the dreamy summer evening of long ago?

A long, long time ago. The Boston American said NEW FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS, and Sylvie said, "Pa, where's the Balkans?" and he said, "In Europe," and Ma said, "In Europe far away," and Sylvie asked, "Were you ever there?" and Ma said, "A long time ago. When I was a little girl like you long ago."

It was suppertime, but the summer sun was still hanging above the maples and pouring light into the kitchen. There was green and white linoleum on the floor, the walls were painted yellow, the kitchen table and the chairs were streaky with the varnish you had put on in too much of a hurry last time. Ma had been baking, and it was hot. Over the table hung Pa's big calendar, and Sylvie, just learning how to read in the first grade at Laurel Street Grammar, spelled out the words:

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET

124 Water Street

H. ROBBINS, PROP.

Fresh Meats, Fruit and Vegetables

The Public Demands A Pure Ale That Will Not Cause Biliouness

Then Ma came in with the tablecloth with the red and white squares, saying, "Take that old paper off the table," and Pa pushed his chair back and leaned against the wall and read out slowly to you how Harry Hooper got three safe bingles off Groom of the Senators. "The boys over at the livery stable say there's a good chance of the Red Sox getting the pennant this year," you told him. And he asked, "Who said so?" and you said, "Joe Flynn," and he laughed and said, "Joe knows a lot about horses, but he just guesses when it comes to baseball. Why, the Red Sox always start off like sixty and then before you know it, they're down in the cellar."

Then Ma called Sylvie, and Sylvie went out into the pantry with her and came back with the knives and forks and spoons and the salt- and pepper-shakers and a big plate of fresh bread. Pa pulled his chair up to the table and reached out with his fork and took a piece. He bit into it and called out, "We'd be rolling in money if I could sell bread like this down at the store, Martha," and Ma came in with a couple of bottles of beer and set them down, and Sylvie brought in the sliced tomatoes and pickles. Pa grabbed a pickle and said, "I'm the guy that put the pick in pickles, I'm the guy."

He looked at Sylvie and said, "Why've you got that bandage around your neck?" and Ma, coming in with the big platter of cold meat and potato salad, said, "Don't bother the child. She's got a little summer

Sylvie's voice through her sobs, "You let Charlie do everything, you don't let me do nothing."

"Gee, it's still hot," you said to Frankie. "Who's going to play?"

"Well, this is the line-up I made up," Frankie said. "You, catch; me, pitch; Benny at first, Joe Ruben at second, Oscar Mueller at third, Pete Menzies, or Maxie Patton at short—the one that don't play short will have to pay in the outfield—and then we'll have to pick up a couple of little kids for the daisies. They're all over at the lots now, I guess. I stopped at Francis Connors's house, but he went to the country yesterday with his mother. You think that's a good line-up?" he asked.

"Sounds pretty classy to me," you said. "We ought to skunk those Adams Street kids."

You and Frankie went down Cherry Street to the end, turned down Water Street and down to the end of Washington Street, over the railroad bridge, and up the embankment where the grass grew rank and thick, and came to the lots. Away over at the other end where the diamond was laid out, you could see the kids running around and a ball soaring into the air. "Gosh, I hope we beat them," you said.

As you came nearer, Frankie grabbed your arm. "Look who they got!" he said.

"Who?" you asked.

"Big Mullarkey," he said. "He's not going to play for them, he's sixteen, anyway. What's he want to come hanging around here for? No one on our side's more than thirteen."

"And there's Little Mullarkey," you said.

"Well," said Frankie, "we don't care about Little, he can play if he wants to, but if Big plays, we'll call the game off."

There was an argument about Big Mullarkey's playing in the game. Pete Menzies got excited and kept calling Mullarkey a big horse. "Why don't you play with the fellers your own age?" he kept saying. And then Big swung at him, and Pete ducked and picked up a bat and hollered, "You lay a hand on me and I'll brain you."

The Adams Street kids stood around looking foolish because they didn't want Big to play any more than you did. Maxie Patton said, "Why don't you fight someone your own size?"

Big pushed his brother Little forward and said, "Little'll fight any one of you."

"But how about Pinky?" you said.

"Oh, we'll take care of him all right, won't we, Joe?"

"Sure, we will, sure!" Joe said. "See you at my place in the morning." He went out.

"Where you going with Joe, Pa?" you asked him. "Can I go?"

"We're going up to the auction stables," he told you, "and Joe's coming with me to see I get a good buy."

"Take me, will you, Pa? Take me," you said.

"Well, Charlie, if your mother can take care of the store by herself in the morning, I might take you. So you won't be mad at me any more," he said, grinning.

"Sure she can, she's done it before. How about when you took me to the hospital in Boston?" you said. "She can bring Sylvie down with her. Sylvie'll be tickled."

"Well, we'll see," he said.

You handed him the dinner pail. "Ma said for you to eat it right away before the soup gets cold."

"Don't worry," he told you. "Get me a bottle of beer out of the icebox."

At supper that night, Pa told Ma what happened to Pinky. "I'll have to get a new horse," he said. "Wouldn't you know I'd run into more hard luck just when I'm pinched for money."

"You mean you're going to buy a new horse?" Ma asked. It was hot in the kitchen, her face was flushed, and she wiped her hand across her forehead.

"Did Pinky die?" Sylvie asked.

"No, no, he just fell down," you said.

"I guess I'll have to," Pa said.

Ma sat down and began to eat. "I don't see how," she said, "if you haven't got the money."

"Oh, I got the money all right," Pa said.

"What money?" Ma asked. "You mean the bank money?"

"Sure," Pa said.

Ma sat up straight. "I thought you promised me after we moved into the new store and you bought new fixtures that we wouldn't touch any more of that money. Or what's left of it," she said bitterly.

Pa's voice got loud, you looked down at your plate. It made you feel ashamed when they argued, and you couldn't look at them.

"Didn't you promise me?" Ma asked. "Didn't you?"

following, and the gaunt neck stretched forward, the eyeballs protruding before the final stiffening and the final surrender.

"He's too fresh," the heavy man said, "bat him one over the head."

"You touch me," you said, "and my father—" but you stopped with a murderous hatred for your father burning in your heart, suffocating you. . . .

"It's not my fault, Charlie. I couldn't help it," Pa said. "That's what life is, sonny, that's life."

"Liar!" you screamed at him. "Liar!"

"If it was my kid, I'd paste him one on the jaw for sassing me like that."

"Let me alone," you panted, "don't touch me. Ma!" you screamed.

His heavy hand rang against your ear. "In front of all these people," he said, "you ought to be ashamed."

"You—you! You're the one to be ashamed," you said and ran blindly out into the clear burning sunlight.

The sun was nearly directly overhead. The factory whistles were blowing. It was high noon of the summer morning, and a long time to a summer evening that would never come again.

A Note on Novellas

BY

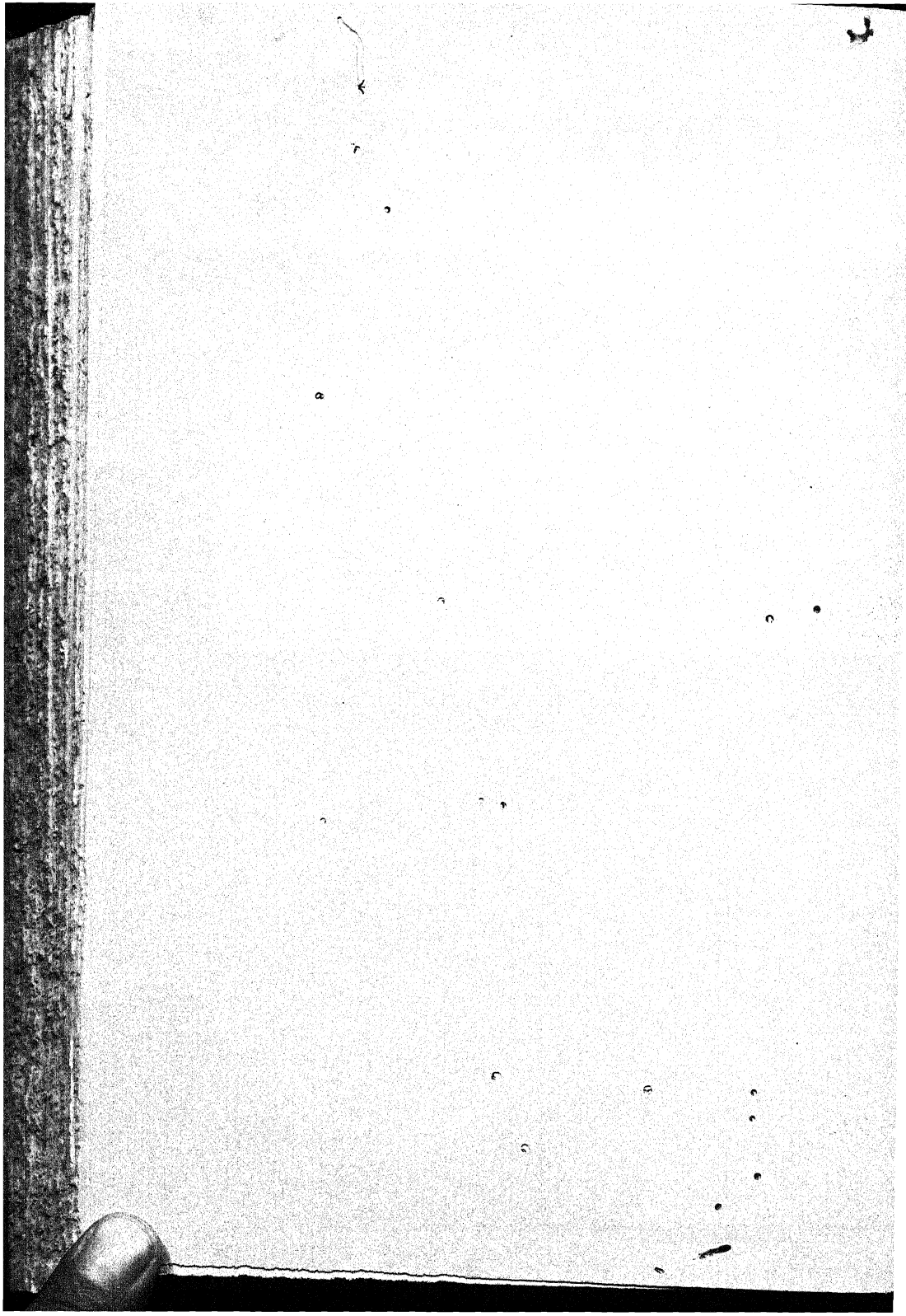
WHIT BURNETT *and* MARTHA FOLEY

A Note on Novellas

A GOOD STORY needs no explaining. But a note of comment perhaps is not out of place as to why, without a plague in Florence or a convenient jaunt of story-telling pilgrims to Canterbury, five separate stories of such variety should be presented in a single book.

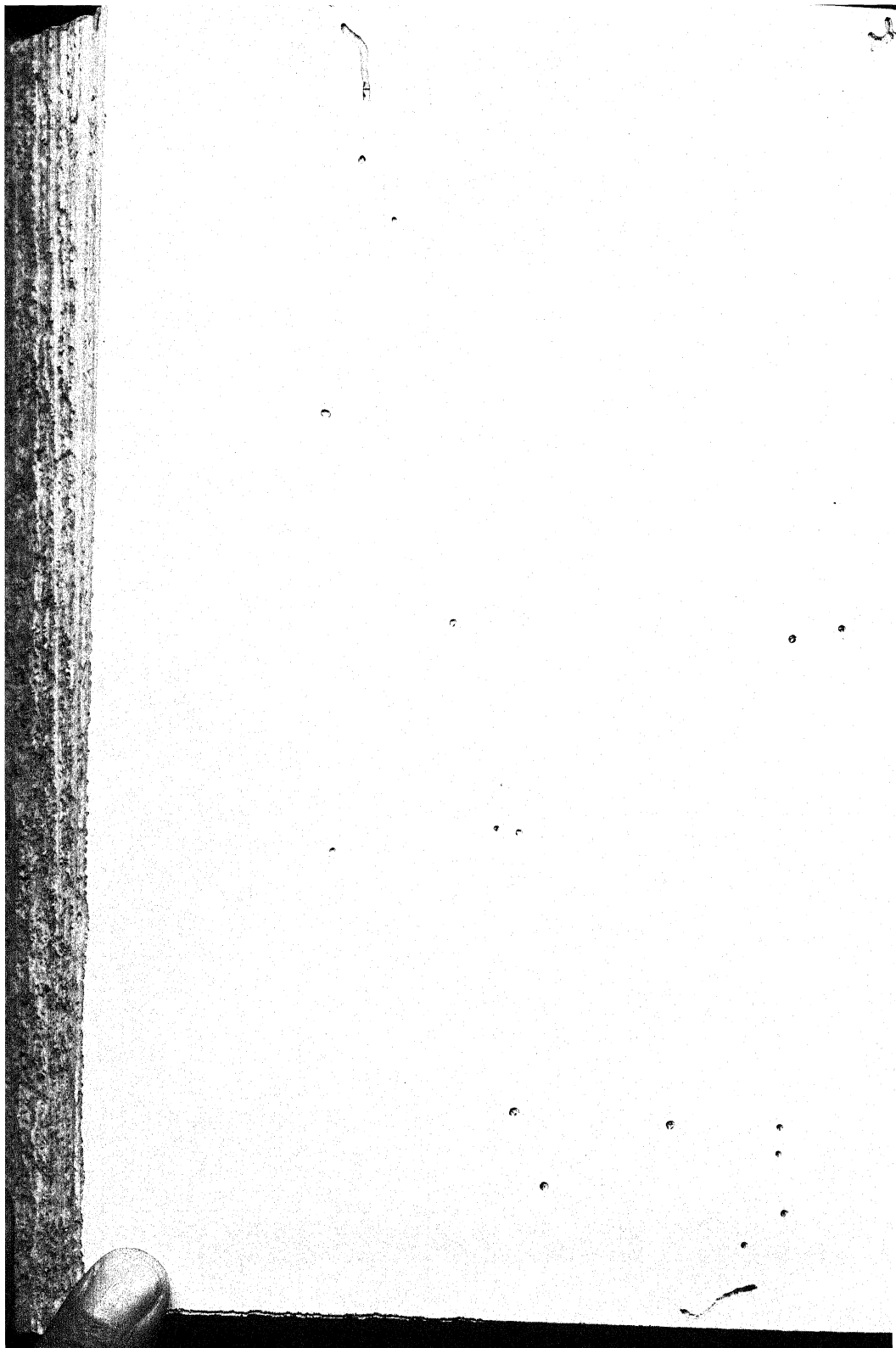
For, separate, unlinked stories these are, each, in a way, a creator's special world—from Eve's personal, fantastic realm in "Turnip's Blood" to the bitter realities of the flop-house world in Albert Maltz's story of the Bowery. And what morals and themes there are must be sought for by the reader: they are not set forth by a charming Queen of the Fifth Day or underlined by some ruminating narrator sipping cool drinks inside the framework of a porch or club.

In a country where more than 500,000 persons, according to a Book-of-the-Month Club survey, are writing short stories, the last year or so has seen the phenomenal emergence of a good number of stories which are less short than long. And, since they are long stories, there is, in general, no room for them in ordinary magazines. Five such stories, whose length and treatment have been gauged not by mechanical, commercial, or periodical publishing limitations, are included in this book. All first appeared in the magazine *Story*. Several other long stories have appeared in America during the year. With few exceptions they have been substantial and important stories, solidly fashioned, and worthy of a more than passing place in American letters. These long stories of literary value are something new on the American literary horizon and, while the form itself is not new, it is newly attracting widespread attention. The form is the "long short story," or, as it is called here, the novella.



The Authors

PHOTOGRAPHS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES





ERIC KNIGHT

Born in Yorkshire, England, on April 10, 1897, Eric Knight has lived an ideally varied life for an author of fiction. He has been an art student in America, a factory worker in his native shire, a Hollywood screen writer, a trainer of jumping horses,* a moving picture critic for the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has served in the United States Army, and was overseas with the Princess Pat regiment from Canada in the World War. He is the author of *Song on Your Bugles*, a Harper-Story Press book, one of the most moving books about the common people in England which has appeared in the last ten years. Mr. Knight has also written several short stories including "The Marne," which was reprinted from a story in the *O. Henry Memorial Award Collection*, 1936. He is married and lives in New York.

* He has been photographed innumerable times on jumpers but this photo, taken in New Mexico, is the first ever made of Mr. Knight on a wooden horse.



HELEN HULL

Helen Hull, who is the author of nine published novels and innumerable short stories, is presented here with her first novella. Although an experiment in this length, "Snow in Summer" promises not to be her last writing in the novella form, which she says she feels to be perfect for a subject between a short story and the full-length novel.

Miss Hull was born in Michigan and attended Michigan State College and the University of Michigan, and later the University of Chicago. She was instructor of English at Wellesley from 1912-15; lecturer in English at Barnard College, 1915-16, and has been at Columbia University since 1916 where, since 1923, she has been assistant professor. She was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for creative writing in 1931.

Her first published work, written when she was only seven or eight years old, was a poem and a story in the *Advertiser Mercury* owned and edited by her grandfather, Levi Tyler Hull. She spends her summers on a farm in Maine, writing and gardening.



ALBERT MALTZ

Albert Maltz, author of "Season of Celebration," which at first glance will recall Gorki's "Creatures That Once Were Men," is divided in his literary allegiance between fiction and the theatre. His biography is as objective as his prose: "Born 1908, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public schools there; graduated Columbia College in 1930. Attended Yale School of Drama under Professor Baker for a year and a half. Left school for the New York production of 'Merry-Go-Round' written in collaboration with George Sklar. Play stopped for a week under Mayor Walker's regime because of its attack on political corruption. Editorial protest, etc., forced its re-opening. Worked a summer at Paramount Pictures. Wrote 'Peace on Earth' with George Sklar produced by Theatre Union. Wrote 'Black Pit' produced by Theatre Union. Won New Theatre League contest for one-act plays with 'Private Hicks.' At work at present on a novel. Member of Executive Committee of Theatre Union. Member of Authors' League Council."



RACHEL MADDUX

" 'Turnip's Blood' a novelette which you are about to read is the effort of a thoroughly unknown and unpublished twenty-three-year-old." With this introduction Miss Rachel Maddux's first story to be published came through the daily mails to its editorial haven. Miss Maddux was born on Main Street in Wichita, Kansas, in December, 1913, "just in time to ruin my mother's Christmas," she writes. "I began writing when I was six, due, I am sure, to the encouragement of my sister, Erma, who is indeed a joy, and 'Turnip's Blood' is the first thing to come of it. There was a novel before 'Turnip's Blood' written on brightly colored paper when I was seventeen, working nights in a newspaper office, but my pet white rat chewed it into small bits and built a house out of it for her family of six. It was a much better house than a novel. I spent three years at the University of Wichita and the next year was graduated from Kansas University. 'Rameses' in 'Turnip's Blood' is my own dog who in real life sometimes answers to the name of Phaedeon."



I. J. KAPSTEIN

I. J. Kapstein says his autobiography is a plain one. He writes: "I was born in Massachusetts in 1904; public school education in Massachusetts and Rhode Island; was graduated from Brown University in 1926. On my way to and through college, I worked: newsboy, errand boy, filing clerk, shoe salesman, haberdashery clerk, door-to-door canvasser, mill-hand, soda-jerker; did a night-shift on the railroad, etc. After graduation, I worked for a year and a half in New York for A. A. Knopf as editorial assistant in the text-book department. I was glad to return to Brown as an instructor in English in the fall of 1927. With time out for graduate work—I got my Ph.D. in 1933—I've been teaching at Brown ever since. I published some verse in *Poetry* in 1928 and 1929; some critical articles about Shelley on whose philosophical ideas I wrote my dissertation (unpublished). 'The Song the Summer Evening Sings' is the first extended piece of fiction I've written. I've been so busy teaching English composition to freshmen and sophomores that I've not had time to do much writing myself. But I've always wanted to. I am married and have a three-year-old daughter."